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FREMONT FREEMAN.

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The regular Post Office hours, until further notice will be as follows:

From 7 to 12 A. M., and from 1 to 8 P. M.

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Washington, March 26, 1850—51-5.

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FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, O.

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No efforts will be spared to promote the comfort and convenience of Clients.

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Fremont, November 24, 1849—30.

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Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This Book is all that's left me now!

Years will subside fast—

With fading lip and throbbing brow,

I press it to my heart.

For many generations past,

Here is our family tree:

My mother's hand the Bible clasped;

She dying gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those

Whose names these records bear;

Whose words the heart-stroke used to close,

After the evening prayer.

And speak of what those pages said,

In tones my heart would thrill;

Though they are with the silent dead,

Here are they living still!

My father read this Holy Book

To sisters, brothers dear;

How calm was my poor mother's look,

How angel face—see it yet!

Her angel face—see it yet!

What thrilling memories come!

Again that little group is met

Within the walls of home!

Then trust friend man ever knew,

The comfort of the friends;

Where all were false I found true,

My counselor and guide.

The voice of each no treasure gives;

That could this volume buy;

In teaching me the way to live,

It taught me now to die.

Miscellaneous.

Yankee Soliloquy.

'Now damn it, Sal, I say, where's the use of this eternal spunk?' You know me and I know you so now if you've any notion of getting married, just say so, at once, and we'll have it done.

'Hey day! Mr. Jonathan—just as if I'm obliged to have you, if I get married at all! I'm not in such a desperate hurry neither—I might see some feller that 'ud take the shine clean off of you afore I'm twenty.'

'Now, Sal, that's smart, I s'ware. So you're just holdin' out me, to let a fool to fall back on, when you can't get nothin' better. I tell you now I ain't a goin' to stand that. You've either got to take me now, or say good bye for a feller 'll take the shine off of 'em, I'd like to see him.'

'Sod I, Jonathan, for he'd be worth seein'. I don't think there's many can do it. But if there be one, of course I'd like to see 'im.'

'But seem' ye'r not sure of such luck, Sal, wouldn't it be better to take up with a good offer, than to wait for the chances of a better, which ten to one you'll never get. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; now I tell you.'

'Well, so it is, Jonathan, but raly we'd better wait a little. I haven't got my sheelin' bleached, nor my diaper wove; and my kiver-lids are in the loom yet. Besides, I have got four bed-kivers in quilt, and a bed-tik ter me, up, bokers, pillow and all. I can't get ready under three months, at any rate. Let's see, it's—June, July, August—September.'

'That'll bring the weddin' into the season of fruit, and we can have things nicer without so much expense.'

'That's a good arguin', Sal, but you see, harvest's comin' and mother's gettin' old, and can't do the work for the hands, through the hot weather. Now if we get married 'bout the first of July, it 'ud save me him a gal, and the money I should have to pay for wages and buy a set of chere.'

'That's true, Jonathan. It's 'ud hard for you good old mother ter haf to do so much work. May-be I can get ready by July—I can leave the sowing, and sister Sall help me with the weavin', and quiltin'.'

'How many cows do you milk this summer?' 'Why, we've to give milk, and to heifers that'll come in July. Likely it'll be some trouble to break 'em to milkin'. But you understand sich things, and I've heard you say, you like ter feed calves.'

'And Sal, I've got a pair of the new kind of chickens, as big as turkeys; and I'll lay a dollar that they's no nicer sheep in the state than mine.'

'Mother says I've got all I need but a wife, and she says she'd rather haf y'n any other gal she knows; and you know I'd like ter marry to please mother as well as myself.'

'Now, one word for all, Sal—is it a bargain?' 'Well, Jonathan, I don't see a kin da any better. Besides yer mother needs my help more'n my mother does, who has two good gals besides me. So I think we'll fix it for the first of July.'

'That's right Sal, and won't we have a glorious Independence?'

The World's Fair.

It is stated by the English papers that considerable progress has been made in the preparations for submitting to public competition the design of the great building which is to be erected for the accommodation of the products of all nations at the great Fair in '51.

A London paper says:—The building will be about 2,900 feet long, rather more than 400 feet across, and the roofed area will probably extend to about 900,000 square feet, or upwards of 30 acres.

In the centre of the south front, opposite Prince's Gate, will be placed the principal entrances and offices. There will be three other great entrances in the centre of the other side of the building. Gangways, 48 feet wide, clear and uninterrupted, excepting by sent, will connect the entrances, and at the intersection of these main lines it is proposed to form a grand circular hall for sculpture, 200 feet in diameter.

Considerable space surrounding the old trees will be fitted up with refreshment rooms, surrounding ornamental gardens with fountains &c.

'The vast area destined to be filled with the products of all climes, will be covered with a remarkably simple iron roofing, of 48 feet span, running from end to end of the building, supported by hollow iron columns, resting on brick piers, and covered very probably with boarding and slate.'

The extent of the roof covering the main avenue will be 96 feet. The lowest line of the main roofing will be 24 feet high, and the clear height of the central gangway will be about fifty feet. The floor will, for by far the greater portion of the area, be formed of board, laid on joists and sleeper walls. The external enclosures will in all cases be constructed of brick. The light will principally be driven from skylights. The central hall will be a polygon of 16 sides, four of which will be open into gardens reserved around it. Its main walls will be of brick, and about sixty feet high. The covering of this splendid apartment will be of iron, and probably conical.'

The individual who attends to other people's business is in town.

The Mummy Mystery Explained—Singular Development.

The Springfield Republican has been furnished by an antiquarian friend, with the following singular and interesting explanation of the way in which the mummy recently unfolded at Boston, got into the 'wrong box.'

The announcement of the sex of Mr. Giddens' mummy, immediately recalled to my mind a story which I had read some years since, in an old Egyptian manuscript. To this I referred upon opportunity, and my surprise you can well imagine, when I found myself reading of the very Priestess whose body Mr. Giddens supposed he possessed. The name was the same, and the whole history explained. I send you an imperfect copy of the translation:

'Rite Thpunki was an officer of middling rank in the service of the temple at Thebes. He was the discharge of his sacred duties he had occasion daily to visit the abode of the High Priest his superior, Got Thoth-I. Now Got Thoth-I had one daughter, and she was taller than all the maidens of Thebes. Her feet and hands were large, even for one of her proportions; her nose was a real pug and her complexion sallow. Who would have deemed it possible that she could disturb the peace of any young man's hours? But her graces of mind far outweighed the defects of personal beauty. She played upon the cystrum as only Isis could; and not Orisis could surpass the justice and wisdom of her decisions. Rite Thpunki, who at first joined his brother priests in the laugh at her homeliness, did not long remain insensible to the mental charms which she displayed, and Anch Phis, delighted at seeing in her lover an appreciation of her talents, and independence enough to brave the jeers of his light minded associates, fully recognized the affection she had kindled. Foolish pair! They little knew the temper of the haughty Got Thoth-I, and that he would never consent to their union. Rite-Thpunki had scarcely declared his passion to the father of his beloved, than he was overwhelmed with a torrent of contempt, and forbidden to enter the palace or speak again to his mistress on pain of death.'

The next morning as Anch Phis, whose duty it was to file the claws and bill of the sacred bird, descending to the palace yard for the purpose, the bird ran to her with its wonted haste, and raising its left wing disclosed a note pinned to one of its feathers. She seized and read—'Bulbul! when the Dog Star rises, meet me by the mystic Lotus. Rite-Thpunki.' They met—one embrace—a few hurried words, and Anch Phis, receiving a small powder, with her parting, leaving her lover to meditate his plan.

In less than twenty-four hours from this meeting, the most distinguished physicians in Thebes might have been seen wending their way with anxious faces to the palace of Got Thoth-I. And why anxious? Alas! Anch Phis, the delight of their eyes—the life of the many festive entertainments her father had given them in token of his esteem for the profession—Anch Phis was going to die. A sudden illness was fast, though gently, stealing away her life.

'Had she been young and handsome,' said Gid-Bred-Phil, the most successful and wealthy physician of Thebes, 'I should think she was dying of disappointment in matters of love.' Imagine the horror of Got-Thoth-I! He had killed his only child! His heart melted. 'Perhaps it is not yet too late.' A faint smile illumined the face of his daughter. A messenger fleet as wind, was sent to the temple for Rite-Thpunki. He comes but it is too late. She grasped his hand, and ceased to breathe.

And now with a voice scarcely audible from well dissembled grief—the seven hours of watching having expired—Rite-Thpunki, begs that the body of his love may be sent to his cell, that he may unshrink it—a last act of devotion. This request is granted. But why, when his cell door is shut, and he is left alone with his mistress' lifeless form, and the half-wrapped mummies which surround them—why does his eye gleam with wild, yet tender delight? He can hardly command his joy. He walks his narrow cell with rapid strides. And see; he has taken that mummy of a common soldier and placed it by his lady's side.

'Just her length,' he almost shouts, but restrains himself—'how fortunate!' And now red Aldebaran, which ever and anon he gazed at with straining eyes, shines through the narrow window over his head. 'The hour has come,' he says, and fixes his eye on the face he adores. 'Can it be? Yes she lives! A sigh—a shudder—she opens her eyes. A gesture from her lover rekindles an exclamation to herself and returns his ardent embrace. Of course the intelligent reader understands the nature of the powder given under the mystic Lotus. 'We have played boldly and won!' says Rite-Thpunki. A blush from his love expresses her unspeakable happiness.

Our story is soon told. Anch Phis remained in the cell of her lover until seventy days, the time required for embalming, had expired. The body of the soldier was returned to Got-Thoth-I as that of his daughter. Rite-Thpunki performed the disconsolate lover at the funeral to admiration, and a few days after, when there occurred a night of uncommon darkness, he and his beloved entered a boat, and floating down the Nile landed on a small island where they spent the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

COMPENSATION.—These quaint quatrains are from the Boston Post, where we occasionally find a choice bit of original poetry.

There is no sunshine that hath not its shade; No shadow that the sunshine hath not made; There is no cherished comfort of the heart That does not owe its useful counterpart.

Thus, through a perfect balance, constant flow The sharp extremes of joy and sorrow flow; And death—what is it, after all, but life!

Early Rising.
Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up these two hours.

'Well what if it has? [hiccup] he goes to bed at dark, while I'm on bender till after midnight, [hiccup] People talk about the sun being so smart. [hiccup] I should like to see him shine so late in the evening as I do. I would—[hiccup] he can't keep awake till nine o'clock, if his life depended on it—[hiccup] People say, look at the sun! and I say the same; but its all my old man's son—[hiccup] Its me they ought to look at—a son that's to be found in its orbit as long as the Charles arc—[hiccup]'

Here Smithers fell back on the feathers, and gave vent to a ten horse snore.

The price of an Opinion.

In a cold night of November, in the year of 1825, a man enveloped in a cloak, rapped at the door of one of the most distinguished advocates of Paris. He was quickly shown into the chamber of the learned lawyer.

'Sit,' said he, placing upon the table a large parcel of papers. 'I am rich, but the suit that has been instituted against me to-day will entirely ruin me. At my age a fortune is not to be rebuilt; so that the loss of my suit will condemn me forever to the most frightful misery. I come to ask the aid of your talents—Here are the papers; as to the facts, I will, if you please, expose them clearly to you.'

The advocate listened attentively to the stranger; then opened the parcel, examined all the papers it contained, and said—'Sir, the action laid against you is founded in justice and morality. Unfortunately, in spite of the admirable perfection of our codes, law does not always accord with justice, and here the law is for you. If therefore, you rest strictly upon the law, and avail yourself without exception of all the means in your favor; if, above all, these means are exposed with clearness and force, you will infallibly gain this suit, and nobody can afterwards dispute that fortune which you fear to lose.'

'Nobody in the world,' replied the client, 'is so competent to do this as yourself. An opinion drawn up in this sense and signed by you would render me invulnerable. I am bold enough to hope that you will not refuse it to me.'

The skillful advocate reflected for some moments, and taking up again the papers which he had pushed away with an abruptness peculiar to him, said that he would draw up the opinion, and that it should be finished the following day at the same hour.

The client was punctual to his appointment. The advocate presented him with the opinion, and without taking the trouble to reply to the thanks with which the other overwhelmed him, said to him rudely—

Here is the opinion; there is no judge, who, after having seen it, will condemn you—Give me 3,000 francs!'

'You are free to keep your money,' said the advocate, 'as I am to throw this opinion into the fire.'

So speaking, he advanced towards the chimney, but the other stopped him, and declared that he would pay the sum demanded, but that he had only half of it with him.

He drew, in fact, from his pocket book 1,500 francs in bank notes. The advocate, with one look, took the notes, and with the other threw the opinion into a drawer.

'But,' said the client, 'I am going, if you please, to give you my note for the remainder.' 'I want money. Bring me 1,500 more francs, or you shall not have one line.'

There was no remedy, and the 3,000 francs were paid; but the client, to revenge himself of being so pillaged, hastened to circulate this anecdote. It got into the papers, and for a fortnight there was a deluge of vituperations of all kinds upon the disinterestedness of the great advocate. Those who did not laugh at it, said it was deplorable that an advocate should be tainted with a vice so degrading as avarice. Even his friends were moved by it, and some of them went so far as to remonstrate with him publicly; but the only reply he gave was by shrugging his shoulders, and then as everything is quickly forgot at Paris, people soon ceased to talk of this.

Ten years have passed. One day the Court of Cassation, in its red robes, was descending the steps of the palace of Justice, to be present at a public ceremony. All at once a female darts from the crowd, throws herself at the feet of the procureur-general, seizes the end of his robe and presses it to her lips—The woman is looked upon as deranged, and they try to drag her away.

'Oh, leave me alone, leave me alone,' she cries, 'I recognize him—it is he, my preserver! Thanks to him I have been able to bring up my large family. Thanks to him, my old age is happy. Oh, you do not know me. One day—I was very unhappy then—I was advised to bring an action against a distant relation of my last husband, who had possessed himself of a rich heritage that ought to have come to my children. Already I had sold half of my goods to begin the action, when, one evening, I saw enter my house a gentleman, who said to me—Do not go to the law; women and morality are for you, but the law is against you. Keep the little you have, and add it to these three thousand francs, which are truly yours.' I remained speechless with surprise. When I would have spoken and thanked him, he had disappeared; but the bag of money was there, upon my table, and the countenance of that generous man was engraved upon my heart, never to be erased. Well this man—this preserver of my family—is here! Let me thank him before God and before men!'

The court had stopped. The procureur-general appeared moved, but conquering his emotion, he said—

Take away this good woman, and take care no harm comes to her. I don't think she is quite right in her mind.'

He was mistaken; the poor woman was not mad—only she remembered, and M. Dupin had forgotten.

A Tight Place.
It is not often that a lady gets into a closer squeeze than did the one mentioned in the following account. If the gentleman was a democrat she was in the midst of three locomotives—all progressives.

'A little before 9 o'clock yesterday morning, as the train was leaving Newark when rounding Bergen Cut, a gentleman and lady were seen upon the track.' The locomotive squeaked and the train jumped across the other track—but horror! Just ahead was another train, from Ramapo, on this track, and the next moment would hurt them into eternity. They had no room on the outside of either track from the embankment—and not knowing which train would pass first, were almost paralyzed! But the next moment the gentleman seized the lady who had nearly swooned—placed her on the narrow walk between the two trains embraced her dress in his circling arms to keep the cowcatcher from hooking it—and thus awaited their fate. The two trains passed them at the same moment, roaring and thundering on, but neither the gentleman nor lady were injured—more than an awful fright.

[Jersey City Sentinel.]

The Worm that Never Dies.
The reflection that you have cheated the printer.

We think that if this would not sharpen his fangs he might as well be toothless.

Longevity.

Will temperance procure long life? Parr was an intemperate man, yet he lived over one hundred and fifty years. Can we depend on comfort and regularity in our habits?—Jenkins who live one hundred and sixty-nine years, was an habitual beggar, often in the greatest want of the common necessities of life. Is a good climate the sure promoter of longevity? Read the following table carefully noting the variety of climate in which the several individuals existed.

NAMES. AGE. RESIDENTS.

Albama Marc 150 Ethiopia.
Titus Funolonia 160 Benonia.
Abraham Palba 142 S. Carolina.
Dumitru Raduly 140 Transylvania.
Countess Desmond 140 Ireland.
James Sand 140 Staffordshire.
Wife of J. Sand 140 Staffordshire.
Henry Jenkins 160 Yorkshire.
Thom. Parr 152 Shropshire.
Francis Bona 121 France.
A. Goldsmith 112 France.
Margaret Patten 138 Scotland.
William Ellis 130 Liverpool.
C. Drakenberg 146 Norway.
Richard Lloyd 183 Wales.
James Hayley 112 Cheshire.
John Wilson 116 Suffolk.
Louis Carnano 100 Venice.
Jane Reeve 102 Essex.
Mar. of Winchester 108 Hampshire.
Agnes Muburn 144 London.

Here we find almost every variety of soil and climate. Venice, with her feet in the water. France with her robe of sunbeams and coronal of flowers. Norway with her head tossing in the fierce and biting tempest. And even the West Indies, rolling in fire and damp, have all alike permitted longevity; in the marshy county of Essex, Jane Reeve lived to an hundred and four. Hippocrates lived to an hundred and four in the delicious island of Cos. The sultry interior of Ethiopia could not prevent Albama Marc from reaching an hundred and fifty, and Drakenberg lived one hundred and forty-six on the shivering mountains of Norway. Now, with such contrasts as these how can we philosophize on the subject?—Yet on the point of regularity we may hazard a question. Is it not probable that Parr might have lived longer if he had been a temperate man? Jenkins who lived to an hundred and sixty-nine, was an habitual beggar, often in the greatest want of the common necessities of life. Is a good climate the sure promoter of longevity? Read the following table carefully noting the variety of climate in which the several individuals existed.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have been usually concentrated in pithy sayings—'Keep your head cool, and your feet warm.'—'Work much, and eat little.'—'The whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its great principles were kept out of sight. One of